

# THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

"THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE SHOWERED ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR."—JACKSON.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to Politics, Literature, Science, Agriculture, Foreign and Domestic News.

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## THE PLYMOUTH PILOT.

Is published every Wednesday, by  
JOHN Q. HOWELL.

At Plymouth, Marshall County, Indiana.

### TERMS.

If paid in advance, (or within two months after subscribing,) . . . \$1.50.  
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If delayed after that time, . . . \$2.50.  
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Anything less than a square, will be considered a square.  
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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.  
2. If subscribers order their papers discontinued, Publishers may continue to send them till all charges are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle their bill and discontinue them.  
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the Publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

### JOE PRINTING.

Of every description, executed at the office of the  
"PLYMOUTH PILOT"  
with promptitude, and in the best possible manner.

BOOKS, CIRCULARS, HANDBILLS, PAMPHLETS, CARDS, AND POSTERS, Printed on the most accommodating terms, and in a style not to be surpassed by any other establishment in Northern Indiana.  
DEBTS, SUMMONS, EXECUTIONS, MORTGAGES, JUDICIALS, BLANK NOTES, and all kinds of "JUSTICES" and CONSTATABLES OFFICES, are kept constantly on hand at this office, or printed to order.

### SALMON FISHING.

TERRIFIC COMBAT!—A Brooding salmon, which the other day ascended the Shannon, fought a fight with three fishers in succession, and worsted them all. A letter describes the unparalleled combat. "The first man he battled with for five consecutive hours, and worked him three miles down the stream, until at last the man combatant fainted, and a companion took his place. This reserved force fared but little better; for although he kept up the conflict with game, he found himself, after eight hours' fight, seven miles more down the river, day just breaking upon him—for the conflict commenced about three in the afternoon—when as little chance of a triumph as when he began. A gentleman residing near the river side, hearing of the extraordinary battle that was raging in the vicinity, rushed from his bed to the scene, and in the vigor of replenished strength after sleep, gave the all but vanquished angler a pound note for the hold of his rod and the chance of his game; which was joyfully accepted as a lucky relief from a shameful discomfiture. Nor was the hoped for prize unworthy of the bid; for he had given various plunges out of the water, during the contest, and he was calculated at seventy pounds weight. The third hero no sooner went to work than he felt that he had it to do; but he manfully tackled to it, and fought with all his might, for four miles farther, and nine hours, until at last the god of war (Neptune, I suppose, in this case,) took part with General Salmon, and in one desperate charge he dashed through all impediments, and carried off hook, line, and rod, nearly to the wheel; leaving his opponent to meditate on the remains in his hand. The whole time occupied in the desperate affair was 23 hours, and the field of battle extended over nearly 20 miles.—*Caledonia Mercury.*

Curious Experiment.—There is a pleasing and profitable experiment which I have often made in my youth—it is this: If you place your head in the corner of a room, or on a high back chair, and close one eye, and allow another person to put a candle on a table; and if you try to snuff the candle with one eye shut, you will find that you cannot do it—in all human probability you will fail in nine cases out of ten. You will hold the snuffers too near or too distant. You cannot form any estimate of the actual distance. But, if you open the other eye, the charm is broken; or, if without opening the other eye, you move your head sensibly, you are enabled to judge of the distance.



### POETRY.

From the Democratic Review.  
OUR LAND SHALL NEVER WEAR A CROWN.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!  
Shall feel no Tyrant's threatening frown!  
Tis Freedom's home where dwell the brave,  
And bends to man no cowering slave;  
Tis Freedom's land, whose sunlit sky  
Is hallowed unto Liberty.

Tis Freedom's Land! and here no treat  
Of conqueror shall profane our seat,  
Nor touch their stained forms who burst  
The chains a race of Kings had nursed.  
Where requiems still through time shall be,  
Loud anthems unto Liberty.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!  
Nor droop her Eagle Banner down;  
Her stars are set to beam on high  
As beacon of Liberty—  
To glow with clear celestial light  
Where nations grope in darkest night.

And proudly floats our banner free  
O'er many a land, o'er every sea,  
And heralds home though untried,  
It meets I know in climes o' old,  
Where children yearning long to see,  
The home of glorious Liberty.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!  
Though once her sons were trodden down,  
Nor Freedom's bulwark crumble down,  
Though menaced by the united frown  
Of Monarchs with oppression's dower;  
Our Nation with a proud disdain  
Would fling their insults back again.

For Freedom is of Heavenly birth!  
Tis wooed by Heresies to earth,  
And beckons with a friendly hand  
To the oppressed of every land.  
That all may come, that all may be,  
Liberators of Liberty.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!  
Though once her sons were trodden down,  
And freely for their country bled,  
Who e'er soil with noblest blood was red,  
Ere Freedom perched upon our shores,  
That Freedom—which mankind adores.

Ere Liberty, that sacred dower!  
Shall never know oppression's power,  
Who e'er Lion with its mighty roar  
Can reach not where our Eagles soar!  
With blustering strength it cleaves to earth—  
Our Eagle claims a loftier birth.

Our Land shall never wear a crown!  
Though once her sons were trodden down,  
But sons of Pilgrim sires shall feel  
To bless their Father's holy zeal,  
Which brought them to this land of ours  
In search of Freedom's hallowed bowers.

Oh Land of Freedom! let the wave  
That waves your land's shores to have,  
Bear with it o'er the deep sea,  
Some spark to kindle Freedom's star,  
That o'er her lands enthralled shall be,  
And bless the God of Liberty.

### LETTERS FROM THE HAVANA VICTIMS.

We commenced following to careful perusal, and will only add that there is much mystery in this expedition that the future may disclose.

The following letter from Adjutant Stanford, explains partially the manner in which the fifty unfortunate men met their untimely fate:

Letter from Adjutant Stanford.

Havana Aug. 16, 1851.  
Dear Huling—We arrived on the island of Cuba after the most horrible passage you can conceive of, cramped on board with 400 or 500 men.

We arrived on Sunday last, I believe—dates I have almost forgotten. The next morning, Lopez, with Gen. Paragay, and all the commanding officers, left us—(I mean Crittenden and his battalion.) We heard nothing more of him for two days, when Crittenden dispatched a note. He then requested we should join him at a little town some six or seven miles off, leaving us in the meantime to take care of all the baggage, &c.

We started for him on Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock, A. M., and had proceeded only three miles when we were attacked by 500 Spanish soldiers. In the first charge I received a very severe wound in the knee. We repulsed them however. They made another charge and completely routed us. We spent two days and nights, the most miserable you can imagine, in the chaparral, without anything to eat or drink.

We made the best of our way to the sea shore, and found some boats with which we put to sea. Spent a night upon the ocean, and next day, about 12 o'clock were taken prisoners by the Habaneros, were brought to Havana last night and condemned to die this morning. We shall all be shot in an hour.

Good-by and God bless you. I send the Masonic medal enclosed in this, belonging to my father. Convey it to my sister, Mrs. P.—and, tell her of my fate. Once more, God bless you.

ON BOARD MAN-OF-WAR ESPERANZA.  
Aug. 16, 1851.

My dear and Affectionate Sisters and Brothers—Before I die, I am permitted to address my last words in this world. Deceived by false visions, I embarked in the expedition for Cuba. We arrived, about four hundred in number, last week

and in about an hour from now, we, I mean fifty of us, will be lost. I was taken prisoner after an engagement, and, with fifty others, am to be shot in an hour.

A—, go to my dear mother and console her. Oh! my dear child, kiss her a thousand times for me. Love her for my sake. Kiss my brothers and all your children. To Father Blackney, my last profound respect; to Father Lacroix and Father D'Hau, a mass for the repose of my soul.

My dear mother-in-law, farewell! Poor Tacite is shot and dead by this time.

I give my dear child to you and you alone. Good-by!—good-by!—good-by!

Your dear Son and Brother,  
HONORE TACITE VIENNE.

Mr. Antonio Costa has promised to do all he can to obtain my body. If so, please have me buried with my wife.

Havana, on board a man-of-war. }  
8 o'clock, A. M. Aug. 16, 1851. }

STANTON & Co.—My dear friends:—

About fifty of us, Col. Crittenden's command, were taken prisoners yesterday, have not received our sentence yet, but no doubt we will all be shot before sunset. Lopez the scoundrel, has deceived us. There is no doubt but all these reports about the Cubans rising were all trumped up in New Orleans. Lopez took nearly his command and deserted us. We were attacked by some five hundred or seven hundred of the Queens troops, the seven day after we landed. Our own gallant Col. Crittenden did all any man could do; but we saw we had been deceived, and retreated to the sea shore, with the intention of getting off to our own country, if possible; got three boats, and cut off with the intention of continuing until we fell in with an American vessel, and were taken prisoners by the steamboat Habanero.

Explain to my family that I have done nothing but what was instigated by the highest motives; I die with a clear conscience, and like a man with a stout heart. I send my watch to you; it is for little Bunney, my nephew. Good-by. God bless you all.

Yours, truly,  
GILMAN A. COOK.

Letter from Thomas C. James.

SPANISH FRIGATE ESPERANZA.  
HARBOR OF HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

My dear Brothers and Sisters—This is the last letter you will ever receive from your brother Thomas. In an hour more I will be launched into eternity, being a prisoner, with fifty others aboard of this ship, and under sentence of death. All to be shot! This is a hard fate, but I trust in the mercy of God, and will meet my fate manfully. Think of me hereafter, not with regret, but as one whom you loved in life, and who loved you. Adieu, forever, my brothers, sisters and friends.

THOMAS C. JAMES.

Robert, our poor friends, G. A. Cook, and John O. Bryce, are with me, and send their last regard to you. Also Clement Stanford, formerly of Natchez.

Letter from Mr. Kerr to his Wife.

My dear Felicia—Adieu my dear wife. This is the last letter that you will receive from your Victor. In an hour I shall be no more.

Embrace all my friends for me. Never marry again; it is my desire. My adieu to my sisters and brothers. Again, a last adieu. I die like a soldier. Your husband,  
VICTOR KERR.  
Aug. 16, 6 o'clock, 1851.

To his Friends.

My Dear Friends—Leave you for ever, and I go to the other world. I am a prisoner in Havana, and in an hour I shall have ceased to exist. My dearest friends, think often of me. I die worthy of a Creole, worthy of a Louisianian and a Kerr. My dearest friends, adieu for the last time.

Your devoted friend,  
VICTOR KERR.

To N. Larose, H. Boungoy, Leon Fazende, Wm. G. Vincent, Felix Arroyo.

Aug. 16, 6 1/2 o'clock, 1851.

To his Brother.

My Dear Brother—Adieu! I am to be shot in an hour; there is no remedy for it. This will be handed to you by my friend, Mr. Costa, who has been kind enough to take charge of it. Adieu Robert. I die as a man, and as an American should die. Kiss your dear wife, my good mother, sisters and brothers, and believe me ever your brother.

(Signed) VICTOR KERR.

Aug. 16, 1851—6 1/2 o'clock

The following manly letter was written to his mother by Lieut. Brandt of New Orleans:

HAVANA, Aug. 16, 1851.

My Dear Mother—I have but a few moments to live. Fifty of us are condemned to be shot within half an hour. I do not value life, but deeply regret the grief it will cause you to hear of my death. Farewell then, my dear mother, sisters and all; we may meet again in another world. Think of me often—forget the causes I have given you for grief—remember only my virtues. Farewell, again, dearest mother, and believe me to be Your affectionate son,  
J. BRANDT.  
Mrs. Maria E. BRANDT—care of Hill, McLean & Co., New Orleans, La.

other world. Think of me often—forget the causes I have given you for grief—remember only my virtues. Farewell, again, dearest mother, and believe me to be Your affectionate son,  
J. BRANDT.

Mrs. Maria E. BRANDT—care of Hill, McLean & Co., New Orleans, La.

HAVANA, August 16, 1851.

Mr. W. N. HALDEMAN, Editor Louisville Courier—Dear Sir: I take this last opportunity and liberty of sending you this letter for the benefit of those who will probably come to Cuba. Sir, Gen. Lopez has deceived us all. There is no revolution here, as the papers have stated. Tell all those who intend to visit Cuba not to come for they all will be shot. There is no chance to get back again. If any officer has a company or companies, tell them through your paper, if you think proper, to disperse, for the expedition is all a great humbug. I don't like to see O'Hara bringing men from Kentucky to be shot.

Sir I am condemned to be shot, and as I have only a few minutes to live, I thought I would inform you that fifty of us will be shot shortly. Col. Crittenden from Louisville is among the lot. I would write more but cannot do so for want of time.

Yours, respectfully, J. FISHER.

Hospital Steward of the army of Cuba.

MISERIES OF AN EDITOR.

Or Recollections of the Crabtown Clarion.

The Editor has just returned from a tour. During his absence a drunken compositor has been employed half a day. SCENE—Sanctum; the editor is discovered, seated on his tripod, indicating a political "crusher."

Editor, (reads,) 'who is Jeremiah Jones? Nobody! Where from? No where! Good for what? Nothing;—a mere bug!—an earwig! whose only chance of heaven lies in the dead body of some saint! (Speaks.) That's mysterious enough, rather to mild, perhaps, but I can lighten the effect with exclamation.—What's the row?'

(The door is thrown violently open; a stranger rushes in, bearing in one hand a copy of the Crabtown Clarion, and in the other a huge family umbrella, a la battering ram.)

Stranger, (ferociously.)—You're the editor sir, eh?

Editor, (blandly.)—Sometimes, sir.—Take a seat.

Stranger.—I'm from Goshen—a respectable attorney, sir. Don't stir, sir; (shaking the umbrella menacingly) you shall hear me through sir, and then (drawing himself out an extra inch) depend, sir, depend confidently upon a flogging. I'm just married sir—not a fortnight since—and on the happy day, (here the umbrella quivered sympathetically.) I forwarded you a notice of the same.—Though I had hitherto been above poetry, thank heaven, I added in a moment of weakness an humble verse of my own composition, fitting, I thought, to the occasion. Here's a correct version, sir. (repeats from memory:)

MARRIED—In Goshen, Feb. 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Euphemia Wiggins.

Love is a union of two hearts,  
That beats in softest melody,  
Time with its ravages imparts  
No bitter fusion to its ecstasy.

Not much, still poetry, still rhyme  
Next week I got your paper, carried it to my Euphemia; we opened it and turned our eyes to the marriage list. Blood and thunder what did we see! An abusive, atrocious—but no, sir, I am cool, (umbrella giving the lie in every rib,) I am cool, sir. Here's your infernal sheet.

Hear what it says, sir, and tremble.—(Opens the paper and reads:)

MARRIED—At Goshen, Feb. 28th, A. Conkey, Esq., to Miss Euphemia Piggins.

Love is a union of two heads  
That beat in soft and mellow way,  
Time with its cabbages and caris,  
No better feeding to an extra day.

What do you think of that, sir? umbrella raised.] Donkey, eh? Piggins is it? My poetry, eh? It has unnerved me—driven me mad. I can't take a walk but that small boys, mere infants ring the hideous chorus in my ear. Some scoundrel has altered the name on my sign to suit your cursed orthography. Don't apologize—I won't listen to any thing.—My house, just painted, is just scrawled over by horrid portraits and emblems; and all owing to you. You're cornered sir; don't move on your life. You, the destroyer of my happiness, my Euphemia—

With that fond name, the last string of moderation snapped. He advanced a step—struck an attitude, and then the editor, we had almost said. But no; just as the family umbrella was midway in the blow, the door opened, some visitors entered. The injured man hesitated. Here were witnesses. Visions of an action for assault and battery, with big damages and cost, rose in his mind, and the umbrella dropped harmless to the floor. The lawyer triumphed over the man. He turned on his heel, and strode out of the room; muttering as he went: "Failed this time—one thing left—libel law—catch it."

Our editor, accustomed to such scenes, soon collects his thoughts, and returns with zeal freshened and scalpel whetted by the little incident, to the dissection of Hon. Jeremiah Jones, whose dissecta membra were before another sunrise, to be scattered over three columns and a half of pica.—*Plainsdealer.*

A LESSON FOR CHRISTIANS.

SMOKING.—There is a story told of a pious old Quaker lady who was much addicted to smoking tobacco. She had indulged herself in this habit until it increased so much upon her, that she not only smoked her pipe a large portion of the day, but frequently sat up in bed for this purpose in the night. After one of these nocturnal entertainments, she fell asleep, and dreamed that she died, and approached heaven. Meeting an angel, she asked him if her name was written in the Book of Life. He disappeared, but replied, upon returning, that he could not find it.

"Oh," said she, "do look again; it must be there."

He examined again, but returned with a sorrowful face, saying, "tis not there!"

"Oh," said she in agony, "it must be there, I have the assurance it is there! Do look again!"

The angel was moved to tears by her entreaties, and again left her to renew his search. After a long absence he came back, his face radiant with joy, and exclaimed:

"We have found it, but it was so clouded with tobacco smoke that we could hardly see it!"

The woman, upon waking, immediately threw her pipe away, and never indulged in smoking again.

MORAL.—Can Christians expect to wander over the golden floors of Paradise after indulging in such impurities? God dislikes impurity. We are afraid that they will come under this head—"Many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able."

A Miser.—An anecdote is related of Sir Wm. Smyth, of Bedfordshire. He was immensely rich, but most parsimonious and miserly in his habits. At seventy years of age he was entirely deprived of his sight, unable to gloat over his hoarded heaps of gold; this was a terrible affliction. He was persuaded by Taylor, the celebrated oculist, to be couched; who was, by agreement, to have sixty guineas if he restored his patient to any degree of sight. Taylor succeeded in his operation, and Sir William was enabled to read and write, without the aid of spectacles, during the rest of his life. But no sooner was his sight restored, than the baronet began to regret that his agreement had been for so large a sum; he felt no joy as others would have felt, but grieved and sighed over the loss of his sixty guineas. His thoughts were now how to cheat the oculist; he pretended that he had only a glimmering, and could see nothing distinctly; for which reason the bandage on his eyes was continued a month longer than the usual time. Taylor was deceived by these misrepresentations, and agreed to compound the bargain, and accepted twenty guineas, instead of sixty. Yet Sir William was an old bachelor, and had no one to care or provide for. At the time Taylor attended him, he had a large estate, an immense sum of money in the stocks, and six thousand pounds in the house.—*Anecdotes of Misers.*

Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, in one of his reverses, was cast on the island of Gallo, with a few of his followers. When in a starving condition, two vessels arrived from Panama for his relief, and to induce him to abandon his object. Now came the test of his decision of character, and the determination of his earthly destiny. Drawing his sword, he traced a line with it on the sand from east to west. Then turning towards the south, "Friends and comrades," he said, "on that side are toil, hunger, nakedness, the drenching storm, desolation and death; on this side, ease and pleasure. There lies Peru, with its riches—here Panama and its poverty. Choose, each man, what becomes a brave Castilian. For my part I go to the south." So saying, he stepped across the line. He was followed by eleven others, and Peru was conquered.—*Prescott.*

Mr. Uplike has a very inquiring turn of mind, and has thrown a great deal of light upon a variety of subjects. The other day he asked Mr. Ferguson how many kinds of eels they are. Ferguson could only mention two—lamprey eels and silver eels. "Two more," said Uplike, triumphantly; "macker-eels and picker-eels."

One lump of pure gold was found on Scott's Bar, California, of the value of \$31,100.

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A Strange Creature.—Many years ago, there lived in a large, cheerful and dilapidated old house in St. Petersburg, a wretched miser. He confined himself to one room, and left the rest of the rambling edifice to moulder into ruin; he cared for no comfort, and deprived himself even of those things which the poorest regard as the necessities of life; he seldom lit a fire to repel the dampness, which hung on the walls of his solitary chamber, and a few worthless objects of furniture was all that the room contained. Yet to this singular being the Empress Catherine the Second owed a million of rubles. His cellar, it was said, contained casks full of gold, and packages of silver were stowed away in the dismal corners of his ruinous mansion. He was one of the richest men in Russia. He relied for the safety of his hoards upon the exertions of a huge mastiff, which he had trained to bark and howl throughout the night, to strike terror into the hearts of thieves. The miser outlived the dog; but he disliked to part with any portion of his treasure in the purchase of another cur, and he resolved to save his money by officiating as his own watch dog. Every morning, and evening, would that insane old man wander about his dismal habitation, barking and howling in imitation of his recent sentinel.—*Anecdotes of Misers.*

True Love.—It will be hereafter with a wicked man when he is punished for his sins, as it was with Apollodorus, when he dreamed that he was flayed and boiled by the Scythians, and his heart spoke to him out of the cauldron—"I am the cause of these thy sufferings."

Cyrus had taken the wife of Tigranes, and asked him what he would give to save her from servitude?

He replied, all he had in the world, and his own life in the bargain.

Cyrus, upon this, very generously restored her, and pardoned what had passed. All were full of praises upon this occasion, some commending the accomplishments of his mind, others those of his person. Tigranes asked his wife whether she did not greatly admire him.

"I never looked at him," said she.

"Not look at him!" returned he; "upon whom then did you look?"

"Upon him," she replied, "who offered his life to redeem me from slavery."

This charming example should be copied into our behavior in the house of God; where we should behold and contemplate the beauties and perfections of that blessed person alone, who actually did give his life a ransom for us.—*Christian Freeman.*

The Partition Tumbler.—A new drinking glass has been introduced in England, which is used for effervescing draughts. By the ordinary method, the gas generated is so rapidly disengaged as to cause frequently a considerable waste. The partition tumbler obviates this difficulty. In one compartment is placed the acid, and in the other the carbonated alkali, which are then separately dissolved. On raising the tumbler to the mouth, the two mixtures meet over the partition, which is lower than the edge of the glass, and effervescence immediately ensues. This can be suspended at will by placing the tumbler upright, so that the whole or part of the draught may be taken as required.

Iron Book.—The Birmingham (Eng.) Journal says: A singular illustration of the ductility and tenacity of iron has been produced at the establishment of G. Downing, Esq. the Brown Iron Works, Smethwick. It is in the form of a book, the leaves of which are of iron, rolled so fine that they are no thicker than a piece of paper. The book is neatly bound in red morocco, and contains forty-four of these iron leaves, the whole being only the fifteenth of an inch thick. This curious book is the work of Charles Hood, who is in Mr. Downing's employment, was rolled in the ordinary sheet iron rolls, and is a singular illustration of the extreme tenacity of iron.

CONSUMPTION.—To what Heathen Deity do cooks offer the most incense? Ans. To Pan.

When is a man always told something whether he wishes it or not? Ans.—When crossing a bridge.

What herb is that whose name is worth four farthings? Ans.—Penny-royal.